Son of the Spartan

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Pyrrha is called in when someone hears a disturbance at Number Four Privet Drive. When it turns out to be a little boy suffering abuse at the hands of the only family he ever knew, she is outraged. She decides to give him a new family of a single mother. One that will love him, no matter what.

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Chapter 1

It had been an average day for Pyrrha Nikos, now that the Grimm were gone. Essentially, all she did was wait around, hoping for a call to take care of some criminal or something. The position of hunters and huntresses had essentially become glorified police.

She sighed as she remembered when they were known as the best of the best, when they were trained to take down horrifying monsters that were hell bent on destroying all humans and faunus. *'And look at us now...'* Pyrrha thought as she watched the police radio she was able to obtain.

She breathed out a sigh, then smiled slightly. If anything, at least the hunters and huntresses would always be remembered for what they had done for the world of Remnant. People were still grateful, at least...

Her thoughts were interrupted when the radio buzzed to life, making Pyrrha get close to it in anticipation. "We have a reported disturbance on 4 Privet Drive in Little Whinging, Surrey. Would any available personal look into the disturbance." The women on dispatch asked.

Pyrrha eagerly picked up the radio and held down the talk button as she brought it to her face. "This is Pyrrha Nikos, I'm on my way right now." She told her.

And so, that's how the redheaded young woman found herself sitting in her vehicle, making her way down to Little Whinging.

As she drove, she could help but wonder what the disturbance was. "I hope it's nothing major." Pyrrha told herself out loud as she approached Privet Drive. The first thing she noticed was that all the houses looked the same.

"Well, it's homey enough, I suppose." She mused. She looked around, and saw someone waving to her near Number 4 Privet Drive. She smiled and waved back...only to see the expression of urgency on the person's face. She blushed, realizing this was probably the person that had sensed the disturbance in the first place.

She parked right in front of the person and gets out. When she saw that the person was an elderly women that smelled a little like cabbages. "Are you the one that called in the disturbance?" Pyrrha asked the women.

The woman nodded solemnly. "Last night I heard yelling coming from the house...And a screaming child. I think there's a child being abused in that household...Please help him..."

Pyrrha looked at her seriously. "I'll do everything I can miss." Pyrrha told her as she dashed towards the house. When she was close to the door, she could hear a commotion in there that sounded violent. Without hesitation, Pyrrha knocked on the door, causing the noises to stop immediately.

She swore she could hear frantic footsteps, and the vague words "Stay in there and don't make a sound or no meals for a year!"

She heard what sounded like a small door slamming and footsteps heading to the door. The door opened to reveal a very obese man with an obviously fake smile.

Pyrrha put on a fake smile of her own. "Hello there." She said politely. "My name is Pyrrha Nikos, huntress. May I please come in? I've received complaints of disturbing noises from your home."

Vernon looked a little nervous but quickly brought his smile back. "I don't know about any disturbances, but you are more then welcome to come in." Vernon told her as he moved out of the way so she could get through.

Pyrrha could tell this man was lying through his teeth. That meant there really was a child suffering in this household. She maintained her polite smile. She had to find the child...

She didn't have to wait long because she heard what sounded like silent moans of pain near where the cupboard was. She looked at it and could see that Vernon was glaring at the door from the corner of her eye.

Immediately, she spun on her heel to turn and glare at Vernon. "You BASTARD..." She breathed.

Vernon looked very frightened as he sputtered. "W-what are you t-talking about?" Vernon asked as Pyrrha's glare darkens. Pyrrha turned and reached for the lock of the cupboard, causing Vernon to sweat nervously.

Without wasting another moment, Petunia threw the cupboard open, and was immediately greeted with the scent of feces, urine and dried blood. To make matters worse, inside she saw the tiniest little boy on the planet. He looked like he was half dead, and he was covered in horrific injuries...

She felt shocked and enraged at what she saw. She turns to glare hatefully at Vernon. "You monster!" Pyrrha growled out as Petunia walked into the room.

"What's going on in he-!" Petunia started to say before seeing Pyrrha in front of the opened cupboard. "Oh dear..." Petunia breathed. Pyrrha was seeing red when she looked at the deplorable human beings who had beaten an innocent child to such a state.

"Why would you moral less monsters do this to him!" Pyrrha demanded.

"W-we were trying to beat the freakiness out of him!" Vernon decided to tell her, big mistake on his part.

Pyrrha snapped at that moment. Her immediate response was to pull out her javelin and point it forward, causing Vernon to squeak in horror. Luckily, she managed to compose herself before she could do something she would regret.

She brandished Milo in a threatening manner. "I'm taking him with me, there will be no arguments from you two. Got it!" Pyrrha told them, causing them to nod rapidly.

"Good." Pyrrha sheathed her weapon. "And I WILL ensure that you suffer the correct consequences for your actions." Without another word, she turned to look down at the child.

She couldn't help but tear up at the injuries on his body. *'Don't you worry. I'm going to get you out of here and away from these animals.'* Pyrrha thought as she scooped the unconscious boy in her arms. When she backed away from the cupboard, she saw that Vernon was tiptoeing towards the door.

Pyrrha was having none of that. Without even turning around, she pulled out her lance and tossed it at Vernon, catching him by the shirt and causing him to hang from the wall.

It was extremely close to his throat and Vernon make terrified squeaking noises as he swung slightly. Pyrrha walked up to him and gave him a powerful punch to the face, knocking him out instantly. .

She grabbed Milo and let the tub of fat fall to the ground.

She turned to glare at Petunia, daring her to try what her piece of pig vomit of a husband just tried to do. Petunia started to shake and make scared noises.

Without another word, Pyrrha turned to leave the house, holding the boy tightly against her bosom.

She went to her car and gently placed him in the back seat and buckled him up. She walked to the driver seat and reached for the

police radio. "Dispatch, this is Pyrrha Nikos, I have found the source of the disturbance on 4 Privet drive. The people at the house was horribly abusing a child, please send a police cruiser to apprehend them." Pyrrha told dispatch.

"Pyrrha Nikos, this is dispatch, we will send a team to the location immediately." The woman told her over the radio.

Pyrrha sighed and ended the call, then looked back to the unconscious little boy in the backseat. Her heart broke as he began to let out soft whimpers in his unconscious state.

She reached back and cupped his cheek and started rubbing it. This caused his whimpers to die down a little. Unfortunately, she had to stop because she had to get him to the hospital. So she pulled back and faced forward, determined to get him proper care for his injuries.

She started up the vehicle, and drove off as fast as the speed limit would allow to get to the hospital. She was there in fifteen minutes.

She got out of the car, picked Harry up, and walked to the front entrance. She walked into the main lobby and everyone looked up at her and their eyes widened in recognition. "Oh my God! It's Pyrrha Nikos!" One person stated loudly.

Pyrrha groaned as the people in the building began loudly talking to her, their voiced incomprehensible due to the sheer number of people. She didn't have time for this...

She pushed through the crowd and made it to the front desk. The secretary looked happy to see her and was about to gush all over her until he saw the injured boy in her arms. "Oh my God! What happened to him?!" The secretary said loudly enough for everyone to hear, making them go silent.

Pyrrha internally sighed in relief at the silence, then gave the clerk a serious look. "Help him. Please."

He nodded as he called for a doctor over the intercom. Seconds later, a female Faunus with doe ears walked into the lobby.

"I came as quickly as I could!" The faunas said in a British accent. "...Oh God...What happened to him...?" Pyrrha opened her mouth. "No, no. No time for explanations. He must be healed straightaway!"

The Faunus quickly opened the door she came from only seconds before. "Follow me quickly!" The Doctor told her as she went through the door with Pyrrha following close behind. They were quick to get to the room and the Faunus told Pyrrha to place him on the table.

Pyrrha immediately did so, and took a step back as the doctor began the procedures.

The doctor examined his body while using her scanning semblance to scan the inside of Harry's body and was shocked at what she saw.

Pyrrha's eyes widened in horror at the doctor's expression.

"Doctor..." She breathed. "Please...How bad is it?"

The doctor turns to her. "It's miracle...it's a bloody miracle that he's alive!" The Doctor told her.

Pyrrha clenched her fists and growled with righteous fury. She wanted to kill them...She wanted to rip their heads off. She wanted to skin them alive. She wanted to make them suffer for their crimes against an innocent little boy who had done nothing to deserve such cruel treatment.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the doctor started to say something that will make her madder. "A some of his organs have been ruptured and his bones are broken and need to be reset, We will have to operate to be able to fix all this damage." She explained to the Huntress.

Pyrrha took a deep breath to calm her nerves. "I understand..." She said shakily. "Do what you must...But be sure to inform me when the procedure is done..."

The doctor nodded at her request. "Don't worry, I will tell you when it's finished. Why don't you go to the lobby and sit down? I'll get a few nurses and we'll begin the procedure immediately." The doctor told her.

Pyrrha nodded, and wordlessly left the room. She sat on one of the chairs in the waiting room, a blank expression on her face.

She couldn't believe the true extent of those people's cruelty. *'I hope they rot in their cells until they die!'* Pyrrha thought. Ten minutes later, the doctor walked in, looking quiet bewildered as she moved towards Pyrrha.

Pyrrha stood up immediately, thinking that something happened to harry. "Is everything alright? Is the child okay? Please tell me he's okay!" Pyrrha said in rapid succession.

The doctor raised a hand to signify her to calm herself, and she did so.

"That's just it...He's made a full recovery!"

Pyrrha blinked in surprise for a few moments. "What!? But it's only been about eleven minutes!" She exclaimed in shock at the fast recovery. "How is that possible?"

The doctor shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not completely sure. One minute we were preparing to operate, the next, his injuries were completely healed." She explained as she slipped her hands into her pocket. "I even did a scan sdter we saw it and his organs and bone structure was completely intact. The best I can say is that he might have a very powerful healing based semblance."

Pyrrha looked down, relieved that the child was going to be okay. Then, she looked up at the doctor, making involuntary puppy dog eyes as she did so.

"Can I go in and see him?" She asked softly.

The doctor smiled and nodded. "Of course. Let me show you which room he's in." She told her as she led Pyrrha to where Harry was.

Soon, Pyrrha found herself standing outside of the little boy's room.

"All right, I'll leave you to it." Pyrrha smiled.

"Thank you, doctor." She replied. As the doctor left, she gently opened the door, so as not to scare him, and then peeked her head in the room.

She saw that Harry was awake and looking confused. She opened the door slowly to let herself in, alerting Harry that someone was here. He looked at her in fear and clenched the blankets in his hands.

Pyrrha gave him a sad look, then forced herself to smile warmly as she began to approach him. "Hello, little one." She said calmly. "And how are you feeling?"

He didn't answer for a few moments but answered after unclenching the sheets a little. "I-I-I'm fine." Harry answered.

Pyrrha had finally reached his bedside, and gave him a sad look. She placed a hand on his cheek...then, wordlessly, she pulled him into a tight embrace, holding him close against her chest.

For a while, Harry didn't do anything because he had no idea what was going on. Eventually, he snuggled into the hug and placed his head on her shoulder.

Pyrrha smiled and gave him a kiss on the nose, making him look at her in surprise.

"H-Huh...?" Pyrrha saw the absolute bafflement on Harry's face and frowned, then sat on the bed with him and placed him on her lap. He still looked at her in confusion. "Why-"

"Shhhhh." Pyrrha whispered as she rocked him back and forth.

Harry couldn't help but hum in content as she rocked him.

"All I did was give you a kiss. That's all." Pyrrha explained to him.

"Oh..." Harry replied simply, too entranced by how soothing being rocked was to say anything more. Wordlessly, he rested his tiny head against her chest and closed his eyes. "You're...r-really warm..." He whispered.

Pyrrha smiles at his comment. "Thank you." Pyrrha thanked as she remembered something. "I never got you name." Pyrrha told him.

"It's Harry." Harry told her.

"Hi Harry, I'm Pyrrha." Pyrrha told him.

"Hi Miss Pyrrha." Harry said as he started to get drowsy.

Pyrrha looked at how adorable he was when he was halfway asleep.

Pyrrha giggled and rubbed his head. Harry could no longer keep his eyes open. He closed them...and went straight to dream land.

Pyrrha held him tightly for a few moments, looking down at him with a smile as he clutched at her shirt tightly. Gently, she tried to pry his hands off of her to tuck him back in...only for him to let out a soft subconscious whine when he lost grip of her clothes, and then grab right back onto her shirt.

Her heart melted at the sight of him clutching on her shirt. *'That's so adorable...'* Pyrrha thought as she gently pried his fingers off her shirt and tucked him into bed and gave him a kiss on his forehead, making him smile.

Looking down at the sleeping little boy, Pyrrha made an instant decision.

She wanted him. She wanted to be his mother.

She walked to the door and looked back at him one last time.

"And nothing would stop me from being his mother' Pyrrha left the room, hoping to get her plan underway before she sees him tomorrow.

Chapter 2

Pyrrha's eyes fluttered open, and she sat up with a yawn. She stretched a little and looked at her alarm clock, it read 5:45 A.M. Just her normal wake-up time. She got up and dressed in her normal attire. After getting fully dressed, she walked down the stairs and ate breakfast. Normally she would do some training before eating breakfast but her mind was preoccupied to do so today. She went out to her car. She had a plan...

She was going to go to the adoption agency to see if it was possible to adopt Harry and take him in. And she would do anything it took to get him under care. Even if she had to go to court to do so.

She smiled at the thought of caring for the beautiful little boy in the hospital. 'Don't you worry Harry.' Pyrrha thought as she was nearing the street that the agency was located. 'I'll make sure that I get to raise you.' Within minutes, she was parking her car in the parking lot of the adoption agency and was getting out of her car. She moved with purposeful strides towards the building. When she made it to the door, she pushed it opened and entered into a reception area. She rolled her eyes at the awed stares from the people in the room who were no doubt fans of hers. ignoring them, Pyrrha strolled right toward the receptionist, who was looking at her curiously."Hello." Pyrrha said politely. "If I may, I would like to apply for the adoption of a child."

The receptionists looked at her in surprise. "Really?" The receptionist asked, getting a nod from Pyrrha. "Alright, can you tell me the name of the child in question?" The receptionist asked as he placed over his keyboard in preparation to type the child's name.

"His name is Harry Potter." Pyrrha replied with a smile. She had learned his last name when she had seen the Dursleys being arrested on the television the night prior.

The receptionists smiled and nodded as he typed in the name into the computer. His smile quickly turned to one of confusion. "Hold on, let me try again." He told her, making Pyrrha frown in concern. The receptionist typed in the name once more, and frowned. "There doesn't seem to be a Harry Potter in our records."

Her eyes narrowed at his words. "What do you mean?" Pyrrha asked, having a feeling that she knew why he wasn't in their records.

"He's not in here...It's strange...I know he exists. I saw the news last night."

"I think I know why he's not in the system." Pyrrha said in a irritated tone.

"Oh? Why's that?" The receptionist replied.

"His relatives." Pyrrha said, trying to hold her rage in check.

"Oh...I see..." The clerk said, understanding.

Pyrrha sighed and rubbed her face. 'I should have known that it would have been difficult.' Pyrrha thought. 'But I'm not going to give up no matter what.' "Is there any way I can get him under my care?" She asked, almost desperately.

The receptionist placed his hand on his chin in thought. After a few seconds of thinking, he looked up and smiled. "I think there is a way to do it Miss Nikos." He said to her as Pyrrha's mouth opened in a smile.

"Oh thank goodness!" She exclaimed happily. "Just tell me what I must do, and it will be done."

The receptionist nodded. "Alright, what you'll want to do is to bring Harry here so we can get a picture of him and get all the information that we need to make a file on him, including birthday, height, etc." The receptionist explained.

"And he will be placed in your records as my child?" Pyrrha asked with a grin.

"Yes." he told her. "Also, it'll probably be a good idea if my supervisor was with us for this so we don't make any mistakes." He added.

Pyrrha smiled gleefully. "Wonderful! I'll bring him in the moment I'm able!" She said happily.

"Alright, I'm happy that I was able to help you Miss Nikos." The receptionist remarked.

"Believe me, I am as well." Pyrrha said cheerfully as she rose to her feet. "I'm going to go see him now." She walked towards the exit while the receptionist waved at her retreating form. She could not stop smiling. She couldn't wait to tell Harry the news... With the thought of Harry's reaction in her mind, she quickly went to her car and drove towards the hospital.

Meanwhile...

Harry was lying in his hospital bed, looking at the ceiling and thinking about the pretty redhead woman who had saved him. 'I miss her, she's so nice to me.' Harry thought to himself, wondering where she was now.

It was then he heard a knock on his door. Then, a familiar head, with red hair and emerald green eyes, peeked into the room, smiling warmly. "Hello, Harry. May I come in?"

Harry's eyes brightened as the women he was just thinking about came in. "Miss Pyrrha!" Harry exclaimed happily as she walked over to him and embraced him in a hug.

"How are you feeling today, sweetie?" Pyrrha asked gently.

"I'm feeling much better Miss Pyrrha." Harry told her with a content smile.

"I'm very glad to hear that." Pyrrha replied as she rubbed the back of his head. He leaned into her touch and almost purred in content. Pyrrha let out a giggle at the adorable little cooing noise he made. After hugging him for a few minutes, she decided to tell him the news. "Harry...if you were given the choice to come live with me, what would you say?" Pyrrha asked him with a mile, making him look up at her in confusion.

"Wh-what?!" Harry asked, not believing what he heard.

Pyrrha took a deep breath. "I'm offering you a home. I'm offering to adopt you." Harry just looked at her with an unbelieving face. Then without warning, his eyes watered and he buried his face into her chest, sobbing slightly. Pyrrha looked taken aback at his reaction, not expecting to drive him to tears with that simple question. She placed her left hand on the back of his head and started to rub the spot her hand occupied, letting him cry into her until he calmed down. "It's all right." She said soothingly. He calmed down twenty minutes later when his crying simmered down to light sobbing. "You'll be all right, child..." Pyrrha whispered soothingly. "I promise." Soon enough, his sobbing died down and he was silently laying on her torso while she continued to rub his head. "There. Are you better now?" Pyrrha asked gently. Harry nodded his head as he looked up to stare at her face.

"Th-Thank you..." He whispered.

"You're welcome." Pyrrha said as she gave him a kiss on his forehead. Harry smiled. He loved kisses... Pyrrha looked at his face and smiled. 'I can't wait to adopt you.' She thought.

"But why do you want me?" Harry asked shyly.

Pyrrha wasn't expecting this question but smiled regardless. "Because you need a good home with someone that will love and take care of you. That someone being me." Pyrrha told him.

"But-" Pyrrha placed her finger over his mouth, silencing him.

"Nothing is going to convince me to not go through with this. I want to be your caretaker." Pyrrha said as she removed her finger. "so will you have me?"

Harry blinked, then teared up and smiled. "Yes...Please..." He hugged her as hard as he could.

She hugged him back but not as hard. "I'm glad to hear it." Pyrrha told him.

"Y-You're so nice to me..."

"Well, it's only natural to be nice to a child as sweet and adorable as you." Harry blushed.

"Adorable...? What makes me adorable...?"

"Well..." Pyrrha said, feigning heavy thought. "There's you big, expression filled eyes, your pinch-able cheeks, your little nose, your smile, and your pet-able black hair." Pyrrha listed, ruffling his hair at the end, making him giggle.

"Y-You really think so?" Harry said with a smile, finally finding in in himself to like himself.

"Yup." Pyrrha said, popping the 'p' as she scratched his head. Harry giggled and hugged her again, unable to get enough of the affection he was being shown. While they were hugging, Pyrrha decided that now was the time to talk to Harry about what she found out at the adoption agency. "Now, in order for me to officially adopt you, we're going to have to take you to the agency, and get the information about you we need so you can officially become a member of society."

Harry looked up at her in confusion. "What information I need?" Harry asked, not knowing if he would be able to give them much, and was slightly afraid that it will end up with Pyrrha not being able to adopt him.

"Don't worry. All they need is your name, a picture, and personal information, such as your birthday and age." Pyrrha replied softly.

"Oh." Harry said in relief. "Okay."

"There's nothing to fear." Pyrrha said. "No matter what happens, you WILL be under my care, or my name is not Pyrrha Nikos." After saying that, she decided to take a page out of her friend's book and poked him in the nose. "Boop." Pyrrha said with a smile.